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The Bucket shop.  
1895.



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THE  
BUCKET SHOP.

BY  
WILLIAM MEADE.

1895.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

# THE BUCKET SHOP.

BY

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WILLIAM MEADE.  
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# The Bucket Shop.

By WILLIAM MEADE.

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FOR wildcat, monkey chances in cotton futures, wheat, corn, pork  
lard, stocks and hay,  
The Bucket Shop is a place, they say,  
Where you can make a fortune in a day,  
But like many other fairy tales, they say,  
This easy fortune making works the other way;  
For the Bucket Shop is a place where you can drop  
One hundred thousand dollars at one pop;  
The "Bucket" can not claim Roman, Greek or ancient age,  
Like faro, cards, baccarat and other ancient sporting plays,  
That were made with modest stakes for pleasure and devartion,  
To suit during the wild oats period of the boys of fortune;  
The Bucket Shop game is of modern invention,  
And was started with no good public intention;  
The Bucket Shop in conceptive organization,  
Is one of the worst swindles in God's creation;  
It is organized to cheat, deceive, demoralize and plunder,  
And tear a man and his purse asunder;  
The Bucket Shop was made large cash stakes to take,  
And business men, cashiers and banks to break;  
And to make good men go down to their graves brokenhearted,  
Without purse or friend, or bank to lend,  
As was their wont before the Bucket advent.

The prosperity of a Bucket Shop  
Is based upon its customers' bad luck;  
The Bucket Shop, for origination,  
Has nothing but its customers' bad luck for its foundation;  
As long as its patrons all keep betting wrong,  
The Bucket man keeps very strong,

But if its patrons all should bet right,  
 The Bucket man could not stand upright;  
 The devious, fox-like twists, and turning, changing Bucket Market ways  
 Are all made for the good of the Bucket Shop trade,  
 To keep in constant burning turmoil and high fever,  
 The brains and mind and purse of the operator;  
 His mind and head are on a rapidly changing, whirling peg;  
 The fly-wheel of a sixty-mile express train,  
 Does not revolve and fly as fast as does the brain  
 Of the excited and bewildered man in Bucket Shop battles,  
 When he is on the rack, trying to win his money back;  
 His excited, wild brains are churned into a greater muddle  
 Than the waters are under the ocean steamer's fly-wheel paddle,  
 And while his brains and mind are in this state,  
 He is mad, crazy enough to gamble and squander a vast estate;  
 He has the Bucket Jim Jams in his body, head and mind;  
 These Bucket Jim-Jams have made his judgment, brains and head stone  
 blind,  
 He can not rest, he has five thousand porkers on his breast;  
 He can not eat, for he has five million bushels too much dear bucket  
 wheat;  
 He can not sleep, for he has cash in large amounts to seek,  
 To keep the Bucket from freezing out his pork, cotton, stocks and  
 wheat,  
 And sending him a ruined beggar upon the streets;  
 The Bucket plays him until he is wrecked in body, purse and brain,  
 And leaves him, poor derelict, to remain,  
 With the Bucket Shop Jim-Jams as a legacy,  
 Instead of a sound mind, and his good, yellow, golden money.  
 The deliriums of the Bucket Shop Jim-Jams, without a drop of whiskey  
 there,  
 Are worse than the deliriums of the opium pipe on smoking nights,  
 On frail, wrecked humanity, when in grim despair.  
  
 It is well settled among those who know,  
 That a Bucket Shop's prosperity is based on its customers' woe;  
 Its prosperity depends on the Bucket winning its customers' funds;  
 The customers may be friends, minors, widows or orphans,

The Bucket cares nothing for conditions,  
 For the cardinal rule of the Bucket Shop  
 Is that every one who plays in that foul den,  
 Shall lose every penny that they bring in;  
 The man of future buckets does not seem to care or know  
 The difference between friend or foe;  
 A man of honor among his friends in his native place,  
 Would be totally unfit to keep a Bucket place;  
 His sense of honor, just and fine,  
 Against punishing and swindling his friends would draw a stern line,  
 And say, My Bucket Shop! My Bucket Shop! should be never made  
 To take money from my friends in this wicked Bucket trade;  
 If alone with strangers the man of Buckets deal,  
 He may not get so much trouble from his soul;  
 If a rival prosperous business town, or firm you want to break or stop  
 Try and get them betting in a Bucket Shop;  
 Their cash and credit the Bucket will take away,  
 And after a while their prosperity will decay;  
 When a man of honor starts a business enterprise  
 He explains its nature honestly to his friends and the boys;  
 But not so with the Bucket Shop man,  
 He tries to conceal the Bucket's nature all he can,  
 For if the naked ways of the Bucket were known  
 The Bucket man would be drummed out of town;  
 He lures you on to take a game of Bucket chance,  
 When in his heart he hopes to make you dance,  
 And not a dance of mirth, cheer and glee,  
 But a woeful dance to the tune of misery;  
 The Bucket Shop is apparently made  
 To do seemingly a fair betting trade,  
 But sometimes appearances are very deceptive,  
 And nowhere more so than in a Bucket.

The vest-pocket Encyclopedia price form the Bucket Shop sends you,  
 Is a dangerous companion to have about you;  
 To the money in your pocket it acts like a ferret on a rabbit;  
 The printed spider-web daily market circulars they give you  
 Are blind posters, drugged up and made up to deceive you;

The spider-web market telegrams they constantly send and read to  
you

Are bummed up and drugged up constructions to bamboozle you;

These clues they give you to guide and run you on

Are clues to rope you in and rob and skin you if they can,

And to entice and lead you in

To their infernal Bucket Shop den;

As the spider weaves his web to catch the flies

So does the Bucket man make and drug his daily market circulars to  
fool the boys;

They drug and rope you in to take your money

While they are professing friendship for you,

And while thus professing friendship for you

The Bucket does its best to deceive and wrong you,

For the man who takes your money and bets against you

In a game of Buckets he has no friendship for you;

The bet is an uneven one, for you must give big odds to the Bucket  
man;

Besides these odds, you must give him your money,

While the Bucket man does not put down a penny;

Besides these odds, the game is odder still,

In that all the monies and game are at the Bucket's umpire's will,

And as the Bucket is umpire, you are at its mercy, even if you win.

The visible trading stock in a Bucket Shop

Is some black boards and a piece of chalk;

The chalk does write market quotations on the boards,

For the boys to play as you would on cards;

If all the boys bet right on market quotations,

The boys all win and the Bucket loses;

But as all the boys paid in their good yellow golden "tin,"

The Bucket is ahead, even if the boys do win;

And if all the boys win together, and want their cash paid them  
down,

The Bucket stops and vanishes out of town;

For your good cash has been taken in,

And the old Bucket can no longer swim,

And as it is heavily loaded down

With all the good cash about the town,  
 The Bucket was made the cash to keep,  
 Even if it goes to the bottom of the deep;  
 An exceptional Bucket once was made;  
 There was only this exception in the Bucket trade;  
 This Bucket was made of the best royal Irish pure, sound, solid oak,  
 It was the soundest kind of that noble floating wood;  
 It stood hurricanes, storms, injunctions, panics, collisions, fire and  
 thunder,

And that Old Oaken Bucket never went under,  
 But floated proudly on the top  
 When all other buckets did sink and stop;  
 That Old Oaken Bucket did always prosper and pay,  
 For it was a Bucket that was made the good right way;  
 But those frail Buckets made of cigar-box wood,  
 When the test came none of them were good;  
 They were swept away like an empty egg shell in a flood.

The future shop Bucket man to his friends does say,  
 "You can make ten thousand dollars on pork this day;  
 I have an important telegram from those I trust and know,  
 It says the price of Chicago pork is very low,  
 And as they are going to run it up high,  
 I would strongly advise you to act promptly and buy;"  
 The friend buys promptly and puts up his money on this Bucket  
 "tip,"

And lo! the porker takes a dip  
 And roots his snout away low down in ground,  
 And the friend's \$10,000 nowhere more is found;  
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone; the friend does not know where,  
 Or whether the porker absorbed it through his head or tail;  
 Alas, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, between the porker and the Bucket man.  
 To hunt a porker in a Bucket  
 Is far more dangerous than to hunt the fierce wild boar in the forest.  
 The forest wild boar gives you gallant sport,  
 Ere the noble hunter spears him in the throat;  
 But when you chase a wily grunter in the Bucket  
 You shall grunt and pay dearly for your hunt;

Some veteran hunters on their way to the woods one day  
 They met the knight of the Bucket on the way;  
 The Bucket knight invited them in to play;  
 He introduced them to his friend, the Bucket Shop grunter,  
 And now we see the sad plight of the noble hunters;  
 They are bound all round with long yards of sticking plasters  
 To keep themselves and their flesh and bones together;  
 Their homes were adorned with all the trophies of the woods and  
 chase—  
 The heads and skins and tusks of bears, boars, foxes, wolves and  
 badgers—  
 And never before did they come home covered all over with sticking  
 plasters;  
 Their friends in amazement did wonder and say, "What is the matter  
 today?"  
 "What kind of a strange, fierce wild beast did you hunt and fight  
 today  
 That left you in such a sad and badly used up wounded way,  
 With great yards of sticking plaster bunting to keep your bones and  
 and flesh together?  
 What is the matter? What strange, wierd, wild beast did you en-  
 counter?"  
 The veteran hunters did sadly say, "The Bucket, the Bucket, the  
 Bucket!"  
 "The knight of the Bucket and his grunter nearly tore our purses,  
 bones and flesh asunder!"  
 No flea or monkey yet was ever made  
 That could dance about and spring from side to side  
 Like a porker in the Bucket's side.  
 The fox, escaping from the hounds and hunter,  
 Does not double on his tracks to fool his hunters  
 More skilfully than does a Bucket Shop grunter.  
 Only the shadow of a porker is in there,  
 And that is invulnerable to the most skilfull hunter's spear.  
 The armor he has on can stand the guns of the best man-of-war.  
 So when you tackle to hunt this shadow phantom porker in the Bucket  
 You come out jaded, broken, plastered, wounded and exhausted,

While from the wild boar forest hunt you come home happy and content;

And to prove your courage and to win renown  
You bring the mighty tusker dead to town.

Just think, how a man of honor should feel  
If he should coax his friends into a grunter's deal,  
And cause them to loose \$10,000 in one pop.  
For games or trades like this a man of honor is not fit,  
For a man of honor is bred and born  
To hold such Bucket ways in contempt and scorn.  
Friendship and honor always have a much higher plane  
Than to be bamboozled into any such Bucket game.  
The state of Texas in its wisdom  
Made good laws abolishing this foul Bucket system;  
The laws sleep soundly in the statute books,  
While the swindling Buckets prosper in the leading streets.  
If our law officials did their duty  
And take the Buckets to the Grand Jury,  
And if a few Grand Juries would indict  
They would put the swindling paper buckets all to flight.

Our town and city fathers are very watchful  
About our local faro sporting gamblers  
And shut up their shops with impunity,  
While the Bucket men are allowed to play scot free  
And send away a million dollars yearly out of this community;  
This vast amount of money is sent abroad  
Through a Future Bucket Shop business that is a fiction and a fraud;  
This is all done while the law does clearly say  
No Future Bucket Shop in this state can stay or play.  
These large amounts of money these Buckets steal away  
Would build fine steel and iron bridges across the bay.

If a poor, bleeding Bucket victim his last installment he can not pay,  
The Bucket goes before the county court, makes perjurious oath and  
goes on to say:

"On account of solid pork \$5000 balance he owes us still,  
And we pray your Honor will give our Bucket judgment for this bill."

Now behold this bold, audacious, perjurious Bucket man  
 Asking a court of justice to help him rob an innocent, injured man;  
 The fictitious pork he never bought; perhaps he imagined it in the  
     moon or Mars;  
 But certainly not one ounce on this earth of ours.

If the court would take the Bucket man by the head and heels  
 And hurl him down three flights of stairs,  
 And the law officials take him at the bottom  
 And lock him up twelve months in the county locker,  
 This is the kind of judgment he ought to get  
 For running his Bucket Shop against the laws  
 And going to court without a fair, just cause.  
 The Bucket man's audacity is so great  
 He seems to think he is the most important man in the state.

The country Bucket man is a very self-important man,  
 Especially so when he gets a spider web telegram  
 Advising friends to buy pork, stocks, wheat and cotton,  
 For the markets are surely on rock bottom;  
 Like a flying courier going through battlefield,  
 He mounts his nag and flies around the country and town,  
 And gets many buying orders before the sun goes down;  
 But like many future promises to come,  
 That rising market did not come;  
 It went the other way, and all the money was lost that day.  
 Now you see the importance of the mounted man of Buckets;  
 He is a scavenger for your money, like the kite hawk is for young  
     poultry.  
 Your money has the same chance in the Buckets  
 That young poultry has in the kite hawk's firm clutches.

Some leading trading merchants of the Orient once did hear  
 Of fairy tale fortunes made in Bucket Shops deals;  
 These merchants were of the better class and trading kind,  
 And hitherto they were never beaten blind;  
 They tried some wheat, stocks and porkers in the Bucket Shop,  
 And ere one week they were a sorrowful lot,

And if their pictures then were taken  
 The length of their noses and faces would clearly show  
 The way their Bucket trades did go;  
 They looked in greater wretchedness, misery and woe  
 Than the stragglers of great Napoleon's army  
 When crossing the Niemen on their return from Moscow.  
 'Tis said a Greek can beat a Jew,  
 And a good canny Scotchman can beat the two;  
 But a Bucket Shop can take all three in  
 And beat them badly out of their good yellow golden tin.

So the only way to beat a Bucket Shop  
 Is to shut it up and make it stop,  
 And hoist outside the danger red flag up  
 With words of caution, "Here is a Bucket Shop,"  
 And make the Buckets a red badge to wear  
 With the marks upon them, "Beware! Beware!"  
 If you buy or if you sell, it makes no difference,  
 The Bucket Shop will give you hell.

The money stake tables of the Bucket Shop  
 Into strong, well oiled jack screws are set,  
 With the Bucket man's hand upon the screw levers,  
 To turn the tables as the Bucket Shop pleases,  
 While from afar the deluded customer does wildly stare  
 When the screws are put to his money in there;  
 They will screw him up, they will screw him down,  
 And worm out of his pocket his last dollar or crown;  
 And if a man's soul was made of money,  
 The Bucket would take his soul like his penny;  
 And any born man should never have the power  
 TO MAKE CASH OF ANOTHER MAN'S SOUL.

Now there is a vast speculative boom going on in trade;  
 It is the members of all marts of trade and the public generally.  
 Many thousands of millions bushels of wheat, corn and other like  
 auxiliary commodities,  
 And over seventy-five millions bales of cotton futures are in these  
 great speculative pyramids.

These huge, vast piles of merchandise are all fictitious and imaginary,  
 BUT THE MONEY ON TOP OF THEM IS A SOUND REALITY;  
 The amount of play money as bonus on this amount of fictitious stuff  
 Is enough to keep a large government's army and navy up;  
 In an active game of Bucket Shop vs. Newmarket Derby and the royal  
     game of baccarat  
 The stakes of kings and princes in royal games of Derby racing and  
     baccarat play,  
 They pale away like candle light before noonday light in weather  
     bright, in summer day.

The Bucket Shop tables are the basis the money and merchandise  
     pyramids are built upon,  
 And the chief architects are the cotton, wheat and stocks boss Bucket  
     speculative men.

Making these Bucket men chief architects for these pyramids  
 Is like making the devil chaplain for great criminals;  
 The world and the public are the great builders to make these pyra-  
     mids and prices rise;  
 Under the good and gracious boss Bucket men's directions and gen-  
     erous advice,

These Bucket men now look like public benefactors,  
 But wait awhile for the near hereafter, and you will see disaster;  
 But while they are building these pyramids and prices up  
 It is a great help to the price of the farmers' stuff.

They put the prices away up high  
 And they put mirth and gladness in the farmer's heart and eye.  
 Take these builders from the farmers' help away,  
 And his crops are doomed to Baron Manufacturer's mercy.  
 All our great states, from Maine to Texas and all around to Oregon,  
 And foreign countries now contribute heavily to put the last stories on  
     these pyramids,

And while the last two tiers or stories are going up and on,  
 Secretly does the chief Bucket man change his building plan;  
 And during the progress of changing his plan  
 He publicly praises and flatters the builders and pyramids all he can,  
 And says Pharaoh's pyramids and grainaries were not half so strong.

Away up high the prices go, the bulls are wild with glory;  
 The bull sees nothing but the sky; he will soon see hell and agony.  
 The wary Bucket man now does cast his eagle eye  
 On these mighty fictitious pyramids resting on his tables and raising  
 to the sky;

To lay seige to these huge piles and tumble them over  
 Is now the boss Bucket man's secret fixed determination.  
 He inspects the jack screws of his tables, and puts his hands on his  
 screw levers;

He finds his tables, pyramids, and the time all ripe and ready for a  
 turning

That to all bulls must be death, disaster and calamity appalling.  
 He gently moves the screw levers, and the pyramids begin to shiver;  
 He sounds the alarm cry of "Buffalo, more Buffalo, more Buffalo!"  
 loud abroad;

Many bulls do now know full well, the cry of Buffalo is their death  
 knell,

And many try to get from under before their own pyramids fall and kill  
 them;

The Bucket man puts his hands on the screw levers, to give the pyra-  
 mids another shake,

And now the earth trembles like a great earthquake;

The mighty pyramids begin to shake and tumble,

And the bulls, in mad, horrid terror, begin to fly from under.

No terror-stricken people did ever faster fly from large city earth-  
 quake,

When their own tall houses over them began to tumble and to shake,  
 Than do these deluded blind bulls fly when their own pyramids begin  
 to break.

The Bucket man now he has the tables on the turn, and all the pyra-  
 mids are tumbling over;

The bull panic is on, the mad bulls fly; nothing can stop them; the  
 Jim-Jams have got them.

AND THE BOSS BUCKET MAN & CO. HAVE WON ALL THE MILLIONS OF  
 MONEY.

And more bulls were frozen and frost bitten in the Bucket pyramids  
 Than were warriors frozen and frost bitten between Moscow and the  
 Niemen,

When great Napoleon's army was gloriously and disastrously re-  
treating;  
There are more households mourning over their financial Bucket  
losses  
Than were households mourning over the losses of Napoleon's battles.  
The remains of great Napoleon's army recrossing the Niemen,  
And the remains of shipwrecked North pole explorers when ice berg  
rescued,  
And the remains of the wild bulls after being frozen financially dead  
in Bucket battles,  
Would make a picture for the most famous painter's canvass.

Some anti-option congressmen are trying to legislate  
Cotton Exchanges and marts and large Boards of Agricultural Trade  
Into huge, vast, great, big combination Bucket Shops  
And call them all a great robbing lot;  
They say some anti-option congressmen one time did play at  
Buckets  
And lost and paid a million dollars for their experience, and never  
will forget it.  
They went to the Buckets strong in purse and sound in mind;  
They left the Bucket with their purse behind;  
They brought a fit of the Bucket shop Jim-Jams with them  
That it will take a Pasteur's medicine to cure them;  
And while they have the rabies of the Bucket Jim-Jams in their  
heads  
They are thinking and dreaming of options and futures in cotton,  
pork and wheat,  
And are trying to legislate all options as a great cheat,  
And over the shoulders of the bad man of Buckets  
They want to confiscate the rights of honest future brokers and mer-  
chants.  
They make no proper discrimination between bad Buckets  
And sound, honest future, spot or business speculation;  
They want to punish a fair, honest, honorable, business, speculative  
man  
For the big sins and rascality of the bad Bucket man,

While they would let go free all stocks and bonds and railroad buckets  
in this country;

And they would turn away to foreign countries this vast business  
monopoly;

If you cripple and kill the speculative enterprise of the nation  
It would be like taking the people's silver money out of business cir-  
culation,

Or it would be like taking the gulf stream out of the ocean.

The loss of silver would be a misfortune to the nation;

The loss of business crop speculation to the farmer would be  
ruination.

It seems to us it would be high, mad treason,

To force by law the farmers of this great nation

To sell their crops without free business future, competitive specula-  
tion,

Which is the life blood of business in this nation;

If the law strangles or curtails this farmers' friend in any way

The farmer and his crops are placed at rich Manufacturers' mercy,

And the farmer under the Miller's quern would go, they would quern  
his prices down so low.

If into law in time this 1893 anti-option bill shall pass

Every planter and farmer south, north and west

Shall have a Baron Miller's millstone hung around his neck;

And the Baron Millers and Manufacturers shall have the sole franchise  
and right of way

To buy the American farmers' vast crops at any price they please to  
pay;

And while they run down the price of the farmer's wheat,

They put up high the price of the barrel of flour the poor man eats;

Over five thousand billion dollars of farmers' crops annually

Shall be a huge, vast, rich, powerful millers' monopoly;

And their fortunes shall grow so vast, so grand and great

They shall be seeking castles, deer parks, and ancient princely  
estates

In old countries, all beyond the great big waters,

And they shall be hunting counts, dukes and princes to marry their  
daughters;

And Mistress Millers and their daughters more airs shall they put on  
 Than all the wheat and corn fields from Texas to Lake Michigan;  
 Give these baron millers and foreign manufacturers this vast  
 monopoly

And you will put the farmers of this country in rich miller's slavery.

But when boards of trade and exchange firms take Buckets into their  
 offices,

And surreptitiously use these Buckets to make big profits,  
 And for every customer these firms have on their books,  
 As many Buckets do they hang on their office hooks;  
 And every trade these customers make,  
 The chances on these trades these firms of Buckets take,  
 But before the chances of these trades they take,  
 They deceitfully inveigle and drug these customers into making  
 Such trades as they feel no risk in Bucketing,  
 And they turn their offices into private Bucket shops  
 And drug and rob the customers they should protect;  
 And they expose to attack their customers' stop limits, accounts and  
 margins,

So that these customers could be beaten out of every farthing.  
 Such firms in exchange marts and boards of trade  
 Can do great damage to fair and honest future trade,  
 For trade marts and exchange places should have a fair, spotless  
 reputation,

For fair, honorable, sound business speculation,  
 And such Bucket Shop offices or firms should be  
 Promptly expelled for playing the Bucket Shop game,  
 Surreptitiously under the cover of the board of trade's roof and name;  
 And if anti-option law or any law could pick these fellows out,  
 And take them and their Buckets to stout, strong lamp posts,  
 And hang these Buckets and their owners up  
 So that they could kick their own Buckets in mid-air,  
 And atone for their customers' money they put in there;  
 For any customer's money that goes into a Bucket  
 It never again comes back to the owner's pocket!  
 This is the law that should be made,  
 For Bucket rogues in marts and boards of trade.

But hostile, dangerous, mischievous, vicious anti-option laws should  
not be made

To confiscate the rights of good and honest men in boards and marts  
of trade,

And to injure the farmer and his crops and produce generally

And to do great mischief, loss and wrong to agricultural produce  
trade and merchants generally.

Have you not heard how the millionaire stock bond Bucket man  
Fooled the good honest old country parson?

This Bucket man was very exemplary in his church devotions,

And went through all the pious, goodly church motions,

And like every churchman who is rich over millions of dollars,

He was well acquainted with his church and pastors.

He invited the pastor whenever he visited the city

To be sure and call upon him and share his hospitality.

The good parson in due time does make a visit and a call,

The Bucket bond stock man very friendly inquires for all;

He makes very kind inquiries about the parson's congregation,

And says he hopes they are well and in good condition financially

To pay their pastor a good, comfortable salary.

The good parson says they are prosperous and paying him well,

That he has saved some money out of his pay,

And would be glad to invest it in some bonds or stocks that would  
pay,

And asks him as a special favor to tell him the right safe stock to  
buy,

One that would be certain to do well and go up-high.

Now this stock bond Bucket man looks very wise and solemn;

He has had stocks in his safe, and he wants to sell them,

And with great secret caution he tells the parson the stock to buy;

He says the stock is very scarce and must go up high.

But he warns the parson not to tell any man in his congregation

That he has the wise inside track in this stock speculation.

The good parson he buys the stock at one hundred and twenty-five.

In a few days after it showed a steady rise.

The parson saw his stock advancing and his prosperity increasing,  
And several members of his congregation did notice him in high  
elation;

They wanted to know the cause of his high mirth and glee.  
The good parson told a select few the secret of his joy,  
And the name of the stock his good friend did secretly advise him to  
buy;

The secret was whispered around among the congregation.  
To New York city the congregation went much faster than they go to  
pray,

To buy the parson's stock that was going up the good right way;  
Right and left the stock they began to buy,  
And the price began to advance up high;  
The higher the price rose the more they wanted,  
Until the congregation had bought all this stock on the market;  
And when the parson's Bucket man had no more to sell,  
And the congregation at two hundred had its fill,  
And as the price would not advance any further,  
The pastor and the congregation began to wonder.

The price it now begins to break, and down it goes to 178;  
In a few days more it broke down to 168;  
This decline was considered too great;  
They said some prayers for the good of the stock,  
But the more they prayed the more the stock dropped;  
The Lord seemed to be displeased with his pastor  
For believing the word of a Wall street Bucket bond stock broker.  
In another week it broke down to ninety-three;  
This decline was considered almost panicky;  
In a few days more it broke down to fifty-three;  
Now they can neither sleep nor pray;  
They remain awake both night and day;  
In another week it broke down to twenty;  
This decline sets the parson and his congregation crazy;  
The congregation upbraids the pastor as the cause of their disaster;  
The parson madly rushes to the bond stock Bucket broker,

And tells him the great disaster to himself and his congregation;  
The stock that he recommended was the cause of theirs and his  
ruination.

His money was gone, his living jeopardized,  
And all through buying that stock on his advise;  
The stock bond Bucket man heard him with great surprise,  
And with crocodile tears coming to his eyes,  
He said he did regret the stock did not continue to rise,  
And how sorry he was they did not make a fortune  
Through the kind advise of their heavenly pastor;  
And as he himself was the innocent cause of the pastor losing his  
money,

He would refund him every penny;  
But as he warned him not to tell of his speculation  
To anyone, or member of his good congregation,  
The congregation must bear their own losses,  
For they should not buy stocks on their pastor's advises.

We have seen how the Bucket millionaire stock man fooled the  
pastor,

Now let us see how the railroad Bucket stock president fools the  
widows and orphans;

This is the kind of bucket man who is king of all the bucket shop  
clan;

Thousands of widows and orphans in this land

Know to their sorrow that there is a railroad Bucket president.

He runs the railroad on the plan of the Bucket,

And beggars every stock holding widow and orphan in it.

After the public have the railroad stocks and the railroads have their  
money,

The screws of the Bucket are turned on the widows' and orphans'  
stock

To press it down to hard and flat bed rock;

Hundreds of millions of dollars from the public, widows and orphans,  
Have been systematically swept from them forever away

By the presidents running the railroads on the Bucket shop way;

They run them through the buckets, so as to wreck and burst them,

And beat the public, the widows and orphans out of them.

Before the fathers of these little orphan girls went to heaven  
They left behind them large paid up stock shares of these railroads,  
To protect their widows and orphans from the wolf and cold;  
A hungry wolf comes along the railroad track with his mouth open  
wide,

And the president's palace car comes rattling by his side;  
The wolf looks in through the widow's cottage gate,  
To see if her little children are starving yet;  
The widow appears on the railroad with one thousand stock shares in  
her hand.

Which before the Bucket president's advent did pay her husband a good dividend.

She calls on this palace car president to defend and protect her,  
And not let the wolf frighten and eat her little children;  
He lets the widow stand and shiver in terror before the wolf and cold,  
And on his palace car he proudly gets on board.

For he has palace cars to travel on, and his palace houses to live in;  
He has his palace grand steam yachts, and if steam yachts do not do,  
He has a fine fast racing pleasure yacht or two;

And he does not think it any sin or harm to be lord of a splendid

HAREM,

But he has no dividend to give the widows and orphans on their stock shares:

But he can and does invite his friends to sail, to ride and dine,  
And treats them to fat bullocks, turkeys and the best of Rheinisch  
wine:

Although his railroad is wrecked and Bucket bursted,  
He does not seem to care a fig about who caused it;  
For he is many times a millionaire, and beyond all danger, want or  
care

During his railroad presidential career;  
The railroad earned many million dollars a year,  
And as the railroad was getting wrecked and poorer  
He somehow was getting very much richer;  
He ran the railroad with his Buckets,  
And his poor stockholders can do nothing about it.

And when the Receiving Doctors get the road,  
 Like all great learned doctors they do not agree  
 On the kind of medicine to give this sick property,  
 And while they are consulting and a differing  
 The railroad patient still keeps a suffering;  
 And after lengthy consultations, on a plan they do agree  
 To cut off the main great dead limbs and save the trunk of the  
     property;

And they do prescribe that all stockholders shall subscribe  
 Many millions dollars more, to put fresh life into the trunk  
 Before it goes into dead rot and becomes entirely defunct;  
 The stockholders must be bled again to give the trunk fresh life;  
 The little orphans must stand the lance to give their delicate thin  
     blood

To patch this Bucket wrecked great railroad up.  
 The little orphans now have no choice  
 But to throw away their stock or jeopardize their life;  
 They have no blood to spare, because for years the railroad caused  
     them to live on starvation fare;

To bleed the orphan now would be sure to kill it,  
 But there is no law to prevent it.

When the olden Shylock wanted to bleed the Roman for his bond,  
 The good, grand Roman laws said, Stop, man, stop, man, there,  
 On this Roman citizen's head you must not touch or draw one hair;  
 By the majesty of great Roman laws we do swear  
 Protection from all injury or harm to this good old Roman;  
 Now when the modern Bucket Shylock wants to bleed our little  
     orphans

There is no law or officers or big troops of soldiers to stop them;  
 Will our President Cleveland's government send officers and troops  
     of soldiers to protect them?

When the labor striker with upturned nose frowns at a railroad engine  
     on the railroad

The government have cannon and soldier troops ready to shoot  
 Because the workingman striker turns up his nose and shouts;  
 But when the Railroad Bucket Presidents and stock brokers are wreck-  
     ing,

Over two hundred and fifty million dollars of widows' and orphans'  
 stock share property,  
 The President's government sends no cannon, guns or soldiers there,  
 To protect their stock shares from wreck, ruin and robbery;  
 They turn the Railroad Bucket jackscrews on the widows' and orphans'  
 stock,  
 And screw and press it down to hard and flat bed rock;  
 They press and screw the widows and orphans out of it,  
 And give no satisfaction whatever about it;  
 They call it business, stock operating, speculation,  
 But to the widow and orphan it is robbery and starvation.  
 The orphans have no government soldiers there, to keep the rogues  
 from wrecking their share.

If a man sells a fine house for one million dollars, and get the cash  
 for it,  
 He can not turn around next day or next week and burn and wreck it;  
 But a Railroad Bucket President can sell  
 One hundred million dollars of railroad stocks, and get full cash for  
 them,  
 And turn round next day or next week and ruin and wreck them;  
 So that he would never have to repay or redeem them;  
 And no government soldier is sent to shoot him for it,  
 And he gives no satisfaction whatever about it;  
 But if the labor striker looks angry at, and bellows at a railroad engine,  
 The railroads shout aloud: "Strike, riot, destruction, give us protec-  
 tion!"

And His Excellency, President Cleveland's government sends the army  
 there to shoot the workman citizen;  
 So when the workman citizen asks for more work and bread,  
 The U. S. army is called out to give him lead.  
 There must be something sadly out of the way,  
 When Bucket Railroads and millionaires can run things this way,  
 And when the government calls on them for taxes according to their  
 money,  
 To feed the army that protects them, and for the good of the country,  
 They refuse to pay, and they hire great lawyers to win the day;

Why does not the anti-option jim-jam congressman  
 Legislate on these great national wrongs,  
 And protect the country, the widows and orphans, and the workingman,  
 And not fool away his valuable legislative time,  
 On a tiny little bit of a wheaten curbstone Bucket man,  
 Who takes his tiny little bit of a wooden bucket to the granary,  
 To get a wee little bit of a bucket of wheat to feed his chickens, or his  
 family.

Now comes the U. S. treasury golden Bucket man.  
 He is a very dangerous and unpatriotic citizen,  
 And a bad man for the country that shelters and protects him.  
 He makes a huge conspiracy to run his buckets into the treasury,  
 And does his best to drain and burst it empty.  
 He watches and waits and makes and conspires his opportunity,  
 And makes a bold raid to ruin the national treasury.  
 In olden countries any man who would conspire to ruin his nation's  
 credit,  
 He would get his neck broken on the public gibbet.  
 Any man who would conspire against the national flag or the national  
 treasury,  
 Should be summarily treated as a public enemy.  
 A man of honor, a good citizen and patriot of his country,  
 Would never conspire to raid and wreck his country's treasury.  
 We believe such fellows who would work such a treason treasury racket  
 Must be nothing but patriots of the bucket.  
 Now, Uncle Sam must exercise constant vigilance  
 To watch and fight these golden treasury bucket syndicates,  
 And stop them from running through his treasury,  
 And taking all the golden money out of this country.  
 These banking Bucket Shops did all combine in great conspiracy  
 To make an artificial money scarcity;  
 The better to help them to raid and wreck Uncle Sam's treasury.  
 All this was done without cause, or any real necessity,  
 For the great crops of the country were overabundant and in great  
 plenty,  
 And there were no wars, no plagues, no sickness or famine in the  
 country;

But there settled over all the great industries and trades of this land  
 A lifeless deadness, a wierd dullness, like a midnight graveyard,  
 And thousands of daily active, working, busy shops and yards  
 Became as still and silent as the lonely midnight graveyards,  
 And instead of work and bread the army was called out to give the  
 workman lead.

These misfortunes were hatched and brought on  
 By the wicked conspiracies of the golden Bucket man and clan;  
 Although all fields and granaries were filled with full and plenty,  
 Millions of working citizens and their families  
 For three years had their bellies empty.  
 And when the citizen workman wanted work and bread,  
 The U. S. army was called out to give him lead.  
 For the golden Bucket Man & Co.  
 Unsettled and upset the work and business of the country,  
 And the poor man could get neither work nor money.

And while great Uncle Sam has yearly at his back,  
 Hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat to spare,  
 And many millions bales of cotton as well,  
 And thousands of millions of bushels of corn and vast commodities,  
 And, no doubt, in the world of his great resources and great solvency,  
 He is thrice put under great bonds by these few golden Bucket Shops,  
 Like any poor man who should get an endorser,  
 When he would want to borrow a thousand from some hard case, old  
 usurer;  
 And all this in the midst of years of peace, health, good crops, and  
 plenty;  
 Great Uncle Sam is thrice bonded, so that his treasury must not go  
 empty—

THRICE BONDED IS GREAT UNCLE SAM TO KEEP HIS TREASURY IN  
 RAIDING ORDER FOR THE GOLDEN BUCKET MAN.

Arise, good people of this country, and lift the slavish bonds from off  
 good Uncle Sam,  
 And take these golden Bucket Shops, their knavery and their slavery,  
 And banish them forever out of this great free country,  
 And do not allow great Uncle Sam to besmear himself with a Bucket  
 man.

It is a disgraceful unpatriotic wrong, that great, powerful Uncle Sam,  
 Should be placed subject to the tender mercies of any Bucket man,  
 When in power, reality, great strength, goodness and great solvency,  
 Uncle Sam is peerless among all great nations and men,  
 Whether they be Buckets, bankers, dukes, princes, czars or kings;  
 And our country shall see that our good Uncle Sam,  
 Shall never play second fiddle to any Bucket, king, czar or man.  
 The products of this great country the world wants them to live upon,  
 They are trying to get them for nearly nothing, if they can;  
 They are trying to make the farmer sell his best wheat for one-half  
 cent per pound;  
 Not enough to pay him for putting the seed into the ground;  
 They have already made the farmer sell twenty-five pounds of his best  
 white cotton for one dollar,  
 And if they are not stopped, the best five hundred pound bale of good  
 white cotton,  
 That shall hereafter grow on famous Brazos or great Naucy's bottom,  
 Must be sold for one sovereign gold with the Queen's head on it,  
 And the farmer can look at her gracious good majesty's picture in gold,  
 And see what a fine thing he got for the five hundred pound bale of  
 good cotton he sold;  
 And we do say without hesitation, that it was the cotton future specu-  
 lation,  
 That came to the farmer's assistance and stopped the gold fellows,  
 From further murdering the farmer's produce and his substance.  
 It is not the cotton or the wheaten future speculation that is wrong,  
 But it is the funny Bucket Shop ways a great deal of it is done;  
 The Golden Bucket Man & Co. tries to depreciate the products of the  
 country,  
 And in exchange for his little bit of sovereign gold,  
 He tries to make the farmers give him back produce threefold;  
 When the farmer over values the price of gold, he undervalues the land  
 he tills and owns.  
 Gold and plenty silver put together would give good prices to the far-  
 mers.

They will soon be asking you for your vote, and giving you lots of fine  
 soft soap,  
 To shove this golden Bucket man and his policy down your throat;

The man who would make you work as cheap as John Chinaman,  
 And make you live on rice and rats and food not fit for man.  
 Now, if you are not man and good citizen enough  
 To vote the right good independent American freeman's way,  
 It shall serve you right to be always in want and slavery;  
 And if in future you shall want work and bread,  
 And the U. S. army is called out to give you lead,  
 The sins and crimes shall rest on your own heads.  
 For if you do not stop and regulate the corrupt power of golden money  
 Some great disaster shall befall your country.  
 The next great convulsion and diaster shall be brought on  
 By the corruption, power and arrogant extravagance of the golden  
     Bucket Shop man and clan.  
 Arise in peace! Open your eyes and stop them while you can.

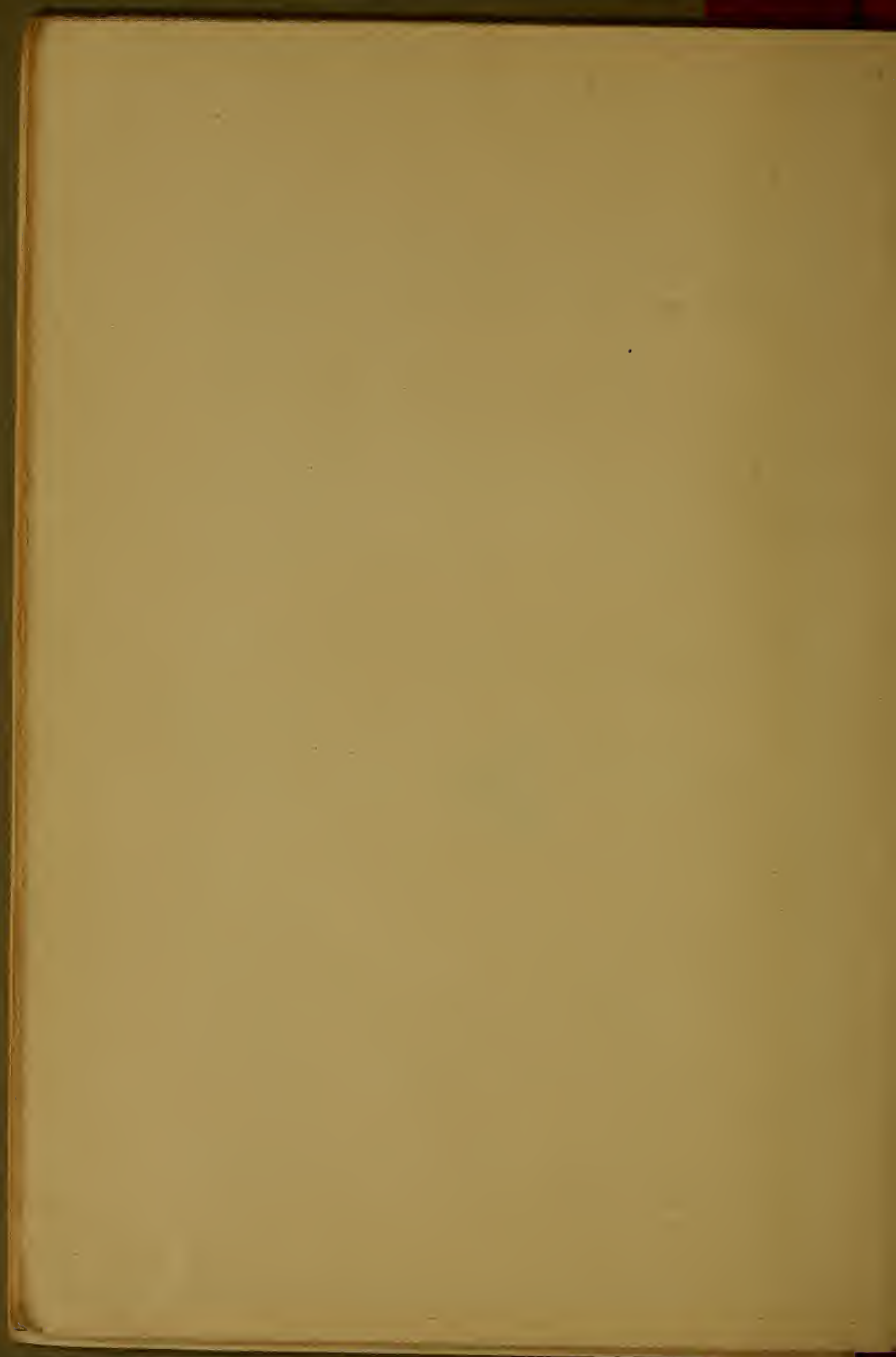
In days gone by they pictured human slavery  
 As setting a bad and dangerous example to the country.  
 They gave you the worst picture of the cabin of Uncle Tom,  
 And followed it up by a great civil war.  
 The country never dreamed that a white Uncle Tom  
 Would be brought about by the railroads, golden Bucket man and clan,  
 In the present modern days of Bonds, Railroads, Gold Buckets & Co.,  
 With their class pride, arrogance, pomp, foreign extravagance and  
     luxury,  
 They don't want to pay taxes to support the government of their  
     country.  
 These things are setting a bad and dangerous example to the whole  
     country.  
 One style of slavery seems to be nearly supplanted by another,  
 And a great, white Uncle Tom may come along and strangle it forever.  
 An intelligent, free and independent prosperous country,  
 Should always be above the corrupt power and slavery of money.  
 It is becoming a silent spoken by-word all over the country  
 That a wealthy man can commit great crimes and is seldom found  
     "guilty."

The sure decay and dry rot to any great free country  
 Comes about when her citizens have not moral courage to do their duty.

Now we see the Golden Bucket Man, R. Roads, Monopoly & Co.,  
Can beat with impunity the Jew, the Greek, Scotchman and the pastor,  
The anti-option congressman, Uncle Sam and the widows and orphans,  
But we hope he cannot beat the honest, independent, manly freeman  
voter.

WILLIAM MEADE.



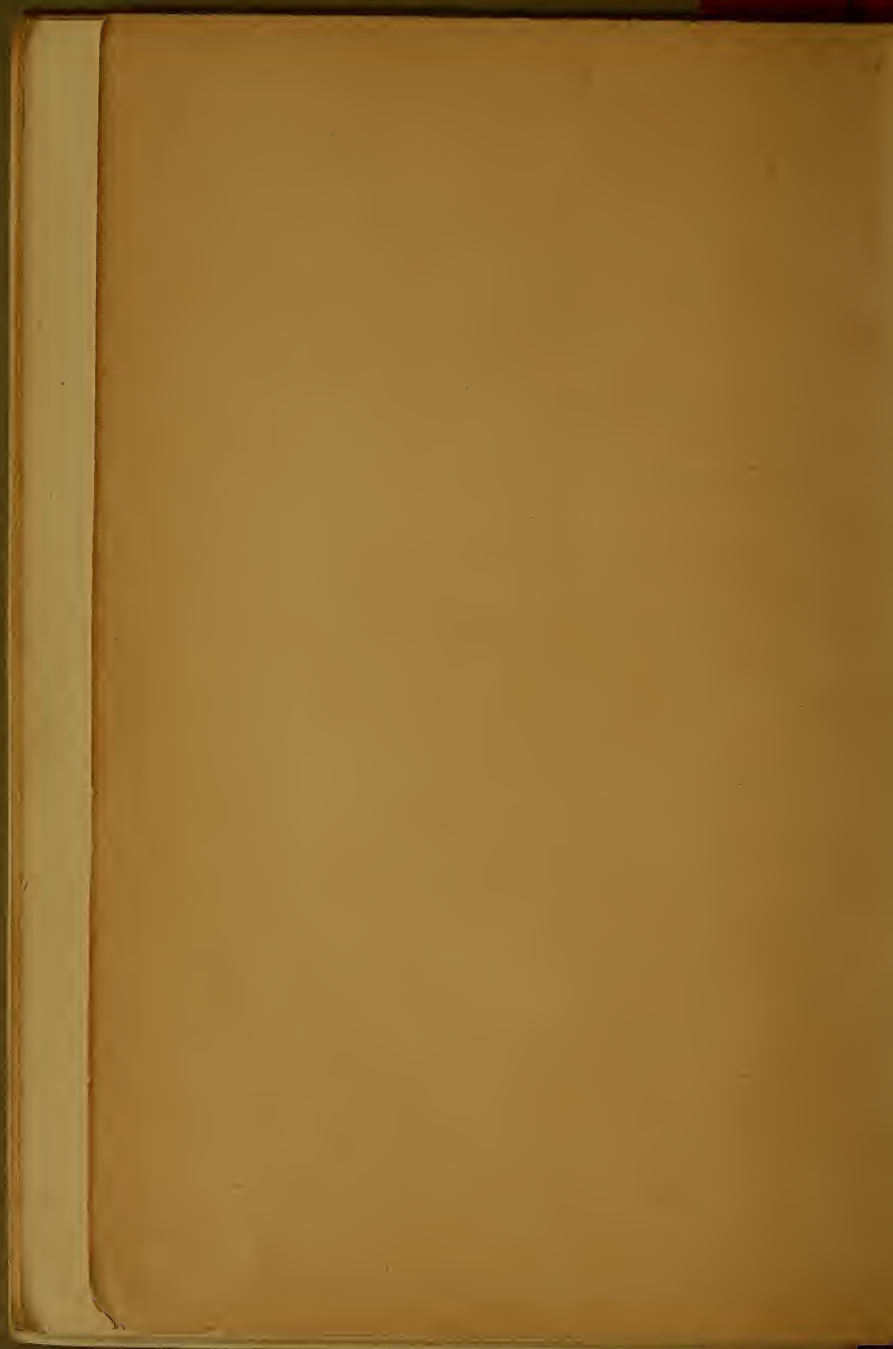


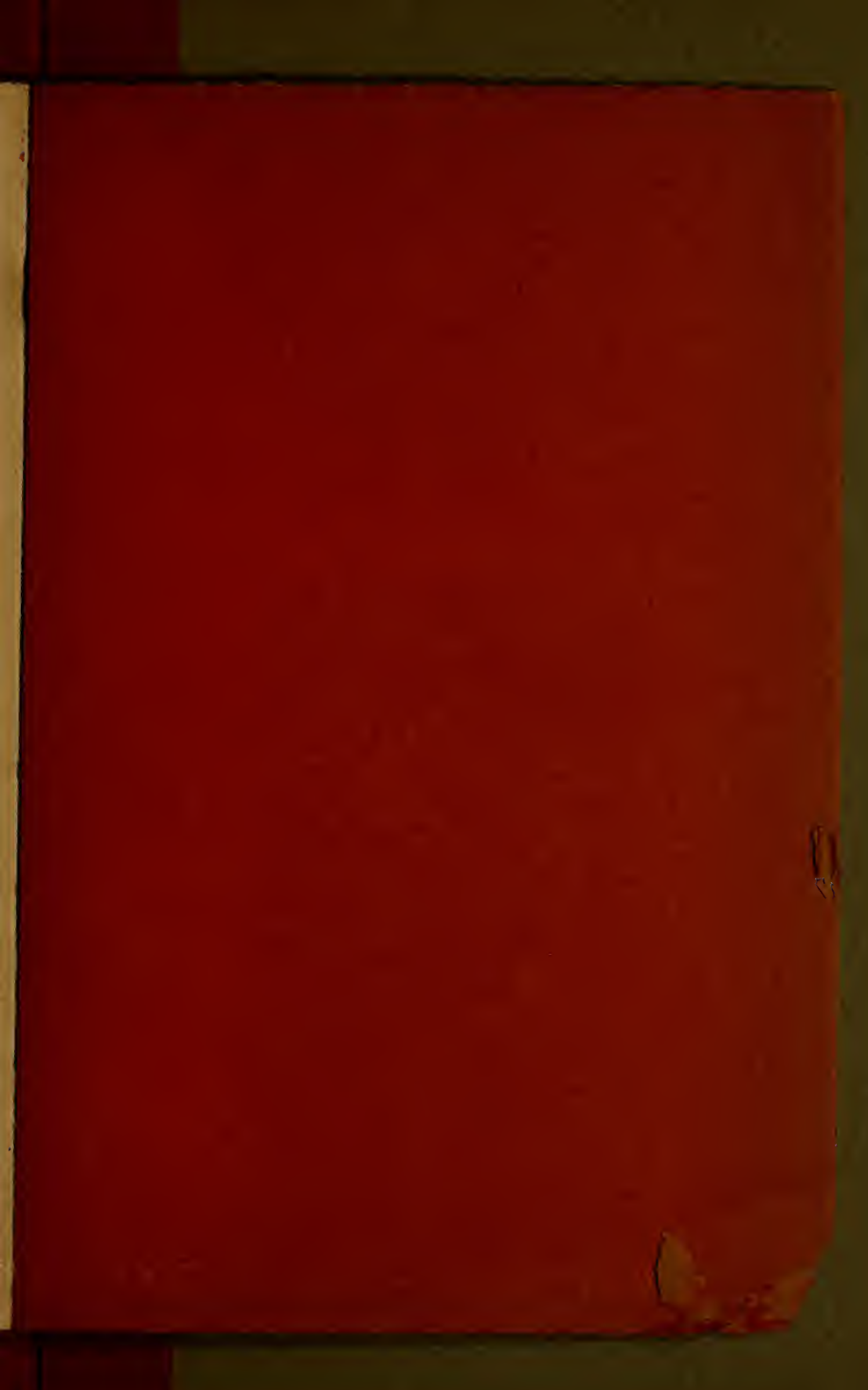
# INDEX.

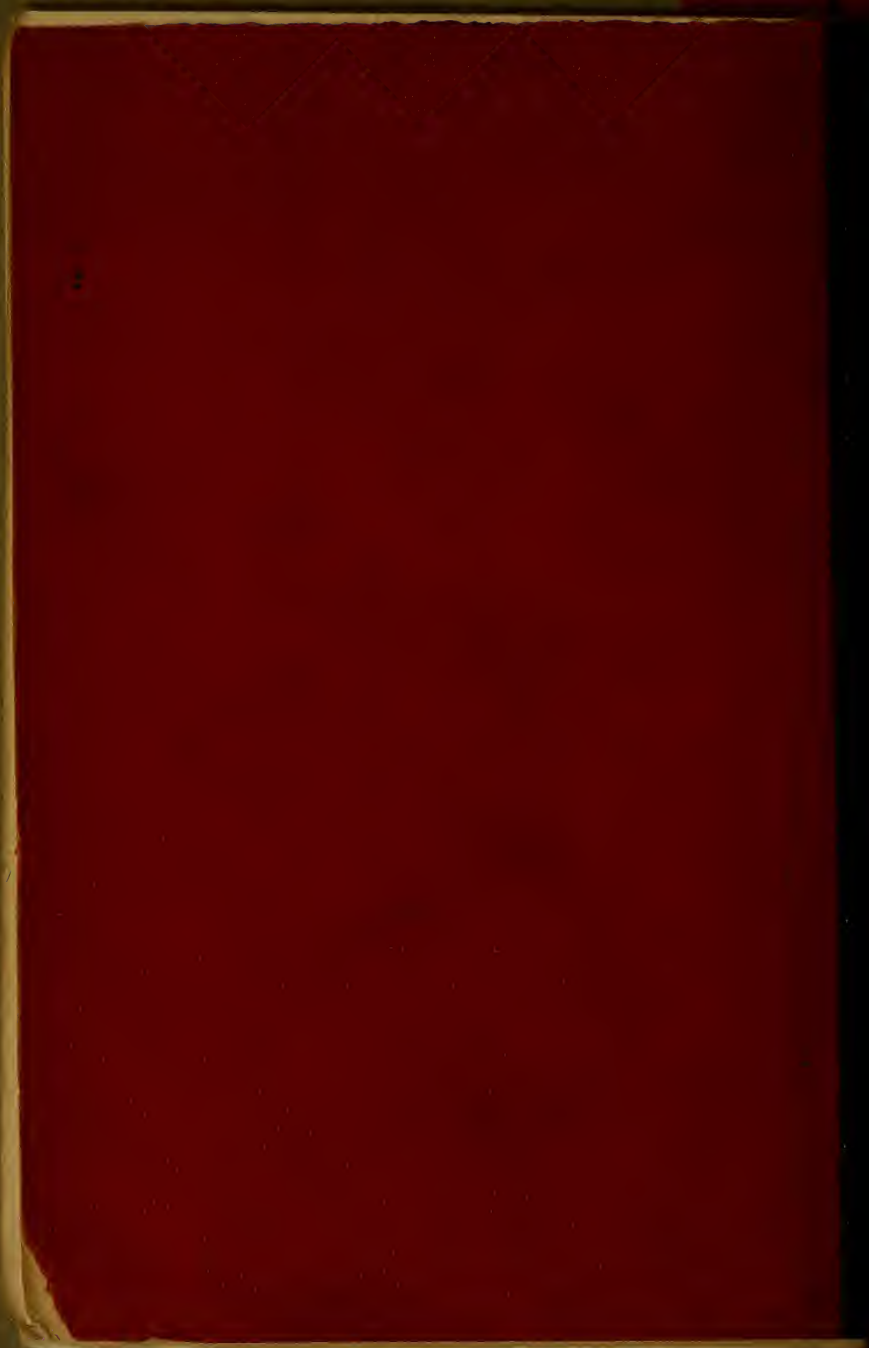
	PAGES.
The fairy-tale fortunes of the Bucket Shop. — Banks, Cashiers and good men broken in buckets.—The speculator who cannot rest, eat or sleep, when he is on the “rack.”—He gets the Bucket Shop “jim jams” and looses large fortunes.—How they are roped in to play with false news, etc.....	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
This visible trading stock in a Bucket Shop.....	6, 7
Tries to make \$10,000.00 in the bucket, and looses it on the Bucket Shop grunter in one deal .....	7
The Knight of the Bucket and his grunter against the world.—How they fooled the veteran hunter.....	7, 8, 9
Laws against the pure buckets. — The Bucket going to court to collect on grunTERS.....	9, 10, 11
The mounted country man of buckets. — How Oriental merchants lost at buckets.....	11
How the Bucket Shop money stake tables are fixed in well oiled jack screws; with the Bucket man’s hand on the screw levers .....	11
A boom in speculation and the Boss Bucket Men in great favor at the start; but read to the end: a Bull panic, pyramids tumbling over; the Bulls terror stricken get the “jim jams.”—The Boss Bucket Men turning the tables, etc., and winning all the millions of money..	11, 12, 13, 14
The losses greater than the losses of Napoleon’s battles. —More dead bulls frozen than in Russian battles....	14
Congressmen who played at buckets and got the “jim jams” as their profits; they are trying to make laws to strangle business and to confiscate the rights of honest brokers and merchants and to damage the farmer’s prices....	14, 15, 16

Bad anti-option laws would make slaves of the farmer and put a Baron Miller's mill stone around his neck; would give a yearly \$5,000,000,000 monopoly to the millers and manufacturers, and their wives and daughters would be looking for dukes and princes for husbands.—Vast fortunes for the millers and manufacturers.—The airs they would put on, etc.....	14, 15, 16
When Board of Trade firms take buckets into their offices and play Bucket Shop.—How to stop them .....	16, 17
Hostile, dangerous, bad anti-option laws should not be made, etc .....	17
The stocks and bonds Bucket man.—How the millionaire stock Bucket man fooled the honest country pastor and his congregation.....	17, 18, 19
The railroad Bucket man; how he fools the widows and orphans and small stockholders, and wrecks the railroad and stocks and gets rich; has palaces, yachts and fine Harems.—How he calls for U. S. troops to shoot citizens, and how he refuses to pay taxes to the government that supplies him with soldiers.....	19, 20, 21, 22, 23
The golden Bucket man; how he raids the U. S. treasury and tries to burst it; how he has thrice bonded great Uncle Sam; how he has made panics and unsettled business, and stops mills and starves the workman and tries to ruin the farmer .....	23, 24, 25, 26, 27
Gold, and plenty Silver put together would make good prices.—The Golden Bucket Shop & Co. vs. Uncle Tom's Cabin .....	24, 25, 26, 27
The golden Bucket man asking the workman for his vote and giving him fine soft soap .....	25, 26, 27











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